

THE FLOOD VERSUS FUN.

Camp McKee Broken Up After Eight Days of Anxiety and Rain.

C. CLARK PLAYS NOAH NO. 2.

His Versatility As a Vaudeville Actor Drove Away All Gloom.

The camping party, whose names are given below, returned to the city last Thursday. They were gone eight days and it rained every day. They had as good a time as possible under most adverse circumstances. One night during their stay the men "stood guard" all night as the river was rising so fast, being at nightfall within a foot of "reaching distance" of the tent floors. They took three boats with them, and though they did no fishing, they were awfully glad they had them, as it looked like they would have to use them as life preservers.

C. R. Clark kept the crowd from becoming discouraged and coming home a few days after the deluge began. Mr. Clark has been so busy that we failed to "get a line" on him, though later we may publish his "Reminiscences of Camp McKee During the Flood."

Below we give an account, written by one of the members, how they managed to prevail on Mr. Clark to break camp and get back home again, instead of waiting until the rain receded so that Mr. Clark could "fish a little bit."

Camp McKee adjourned in a very business-like and legal manner at 1 o'clock, July 10th, after eight days of almost solid pleasure, the exception being rain, but on account of Mr. C. R. Clark's continued string of songs, dances, speeches, and other forms of amusement, there was not a dry moment.

Those who composed the party were as follows: Misses Rebecca O'Neil, Henderson, Tenn.; Alice Radford, Katherine Long, Viola Williams, Louise Moore, Jean McKee, Kate Wallace; Messrs. Alvan Clark, George Lackey, Churchill Blackey, Malcolm Frankel, Pettus White, Ira D. Smith, Robert Phelps, Will Goss, Bowles, St. Louis, Mo.; L. A. Tuggle, Joe McCarron, Jr., Chapones: Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Clark, Mrs. Lizzie Clark and Miss Kate Peyton.

FELONIOUS CONSPIRACY.

Indictments Against Fletcher and Sid Terrell and Enoch Lynn.

Paducah, Ky., July 11.—The special grand jury that has been investigating the alleged plot and attack on Dr. O. R. Kidd, president of the board of public works, by Fletcher Terrell and others, returned an indictment today against Fletcher Terrell, Sid Terrell and Enoch Lynn, charging them with a felonious conspiracy and violence. The accused executed bond for one thousand dollars each.

Although the damage suit brought by Dr. Kidd against the Terrells makes Mayor T. N. Hazelip, a relative of the Terrells, and John Terrell and Ed Terrell, defendants, the grand jury didn't indict them. About two weeks ago Dr. Kidd was accosted on the street and compelled to sign his resignation as a member of the board of works. The board of works had requested Fletcher Terrell to resign as street inspector, which produced the trouble that followed. The Terrells are prominent.

Miss Lucella Jones of Oak Grove, Ky., was guest of Miss Hazelip.

SEEN AND HEARD.

Hopkinsville has a musical organization of which it may well be proud—The Third Regiment Band. It is one of the best in the State and wherever it has been heard has been highly praised. But it is well to consider the many difficulties it has had to contend with since its organization three or four years ago. Harry L. Lebkuecher, the director, is certainly a man of great perseverance, else he could never have kept the organization together in the face of so many adverse circumstances. But whenever one of his men would leave here to accept employment elsewhere he has always managed to get somebody to take his place and today he has first class musicians. Nearly every man composing the band is a mechanic but they have all exercised an independent spirit and paid out of their hard earned wages their own expenses, not often calling on the public to assist them in any way. The band will go with the Third regiment to Aniston, Ala., to take part in the military maneuvers there this month.

Dr. John W. Harned and Dr. Walter A. Lackey attended the meeting of the State Board of Health, which was in session in Louisville this week. Dr. Lackey is health officer for this county and we have never had a more efficient man for this very important position. His conception of his duties is such that he is continually busy, and never fails to discharge any duty that calls him. In fact it may be said that he has to occasionally sacrifice a part of his time that should be given to his private practice. But fortunately he has overcome all difficulties along this line by admitting to his practice his father, Dr. Geo. W. Lackey, who is one of the oldest and most successful practitioners of the county. Dr. Lackey, Sr., has come here from Pembroke and will give the people the benefit of his knowledge of the treatment of diseases and will at once take a place among the most prominent physicians of the city. Dr. Walter Lackey while attending the meeting of the State Board of Health at Louisville delivered a lecture that won the closest attention of these present. He spoke on abattoirs, their construction and keeping, so as to prevent the spread of tuberculosis and the necessity of rigid inspection. He dwelt at length on the superiority of the one located on the farm of Mr. S. L. Cowherd, on the Nashville road. The Doctor illustrated his lecture with stereopticon views.

Did you know that Judge Prowse is one of the most practical of men? If you think he is not, just try him. He has always made a practice of excelling in everything that he undertook. Besides building the latest in biplanes, in his boyish days he could take his pen and make a drawing that would be taken for a Gibson. Some of his pen sketches have been published. As to writing, that is easy. We have seen many pages, though hurriedly written, that looked as though printed with script type. As a soldier of Co. D he was said to be the best drilled man in the lot. When he was made Captain his men said he was "the best drilled officer ever." As a skater he was the bird of the pond, and as a shot there was not a member of the defunct shooting club that did not become a little nervous when "Charlie" was out for sport. Judge Prowse never allowed music to become an obsession with him, but he "was some" with the flute, and occasionally tried his hand at coaxing sweet tones out of other instruments. Some day in the future, when years have made their impress on his most strenuous character, he may settle down again and give his entire time and thought to law, which, though he was long since admitted to practice at the local bar, it seems has had no allurements for him.

Don't buy a Range from a peddler when you can get a far better one at home for \$10.00 less money.

PROWSE BIPLANE IN WONDERFUL FLIGHTS

Soars Over The City And Makes Extended Trip Over Portions of The County.



Judge C. O. Prowse's airship, operated by De Lloyd Thompson, the young Chicago aviator, continues to make wonderful flights almost every day.

The most successful flights of all were made in the early hours of Thursday morning. About 5:30 o'clock the people of the city were aroused by the whirr of the machine high up in the sky and three very successful flights were made, one of them at an altitude of 2,000 feet, which lasted for 27 minutes. After circling over the city the biplane disappeared in the direction of Gracey and after ten minutes again gradu-

ally came back into view, this part of the trip taking about 15 minutes. Another flight extended far to the South towards Church Hill and at times the machine traveled 60 miles an hour. One of the landings was from a great height in a glide of 1,000 feet at great speed.

The machine worked perfectly and Mr. Thompson proved himself to be a finished aviator, experienced, fearless and skillful.

Other flights are liable to be made almost any day, it being Judge Prowse's purpose to test out his other machine which is built to carry a passenger.

WANT TO SHOOT GUNS

Small Chance For Game To Escape These Hunters.

County Clerk Stowe is busy these days issuing licenses to those who are willing to pay \$1 for the privilege of hunting, under the new law. Following is the list so far:

Geo. C. Long, Rev. J. P. Cleaver, Logan Green, W. H. Hester, J. G. Stites, R. C. Dabney, F. M. Stites Jr., Gus K. Stevens, Robt. H. Coleman, J. T. Cannon, J. C. Haydon, J. W. Forman, H. B. Rives, R. J. Carothers, J. H. McGowan, Geo. W. Walker, E. F. Rogers, Claud Brown, Pratt Brown, Hunter Wood Jr., Dr. J. T. Flemister, Dr. N. S. West, T. D. Morris, Guy Starling, Harold Vass, Mathew Vass, J. R. Jones, H. E. Allen, Dr. W. M. Leverett, Miss Essie Cravens, J. B. Allensworth.

AUTO ACCIDENT.

Joseph Rector, A Cripple, Knocked Down.

The little crippled boy, who gets about with two crutches, came near meeting with a serious accident in front of the post office yesterday morning. His name is Joseph Rector and he is about 12 or 14 years of age.

James Orton, of this county, was driving his own car on 9th street, and, as he says, was running very slowly as he approached the post office, when he intended mailing some letters and other matter. He said that just as he got near the post office door, there being some space between his car and the curbing, another car that was coming from the opposite direction, slipped in between Orton's car, as Mr. Orton says, and the curbing. This required Mr. Orton to veer his machine suddenly to the right.

The little boy was out near the middle of the street, several feet from the crossing, and Mr. Orton's left front wheel struck him and knocked him down, and the boy says the wheel passed over his left foot. The little fellow was painfully injured, though no bones were broken.

Park Buildings Burned.

Watertown, N. Y., July 12.—Fire wiped out Thousand Island Park, St. Lawrence river, Tuesday afternoon. The Columbian and Wellesley hotels are in ruins, as well as practically the entire business portion of the park, and about 200 cottages burned. The loss is estimated at over \$100,000.

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

Nearly half of July gone and but little hot weather.

The long wet spell produced a big crop of mosquitos, for which Jupiter Pluvius has the thanks of no one.

What has become of the gymnasium about which there was considerable talk a month or so ago? Died abornin'? We hope not.

Why not have a series of open air concerts this summer? The people never enjoyed anything more than those we had two or three years ago. Virginia Park is the place and the Third regiment band are the boys that can furnish the music, and that of the best.

Mrs. J. C. Quick began moving into the Anderson house on South Main street last Wednesday. The house is roomy enough for the accommodation of fully as many boarders, if not more, than the house she has so long occupied on East Ninth street.

The long continued wet spell was by no means a feeder for Salubria and Cerulean Springs, but a few days of straight out, continuous sunshine will soon put the waters of both places in good condition and start invalids and those desiring the "rest cure" for the places where spring chickens are slaughtered and umbrageous trees invite them.

Stone masons began Thursday putting in the foundation of the new office building to be erected at the northwest corner of Main and Eleventh streets. When the building is completed the entire "Hopson lot," extending from Eleventh to Twelfth and west to Water, will be covered with modern brick buildings. South Main is surely "goin' some."

The new eight room residence of Thomas W. Morris, manager of the Hopkinsville Water Co., at West 18th and Canton streets, will be ready for occupancy in a month or more. Mr. Morris' new home will be heated by a furnace, lighted with electricity and furnished with every convenience of the day. He is building it for his future home and not to put on the market.

If anybody is wondering why trade is good here all the year round, if he will "take a day off" and visit the passenger stations he can soon see how the railroads are doing their share in keeping Hopkinsville out of the "dull times" list of Kentucky cities. With three railroads as feeders—about twenty-four passenger trains a day—how can this be a dull town at any time?

An exchange says that in France the people feed the English sparrows. Here in Hopkinsville the little pests are so numerous and pugnacious that they have almost completely driven out the singing birds, but very wisely never raise a row with the black birds, which probably outnumber them. As to taking care of themselves, the sparrows are industrious little fellows and never go to bed hungry. Nobody has yet found out what they are good for.

A New York artist is working on a design for the new five cent piece and the Goddess of Liberty is to step down and give place to the buffalo. Hope the Goddess won't tear her hobble skirt in getting out of the way of the now almost extinct denizen of the parks. The old nickel is good enough for Hopkinsville people, for not many of them are held long enough for a fellow to see what is on them. The register of the soda fountain or the ticket seller at the picture show get most of them by the time the week is gone, anyway.

It is said that the modistes of New York recently got together and decided to bring out a new style skirt. The new gown is said to be a combination of the hobble and shield monstrosities and "embody" all the comforts (?) and outline effects of the two old patterns. Fashion is fickle but not sane. While the nation is talking about "a sane Fourth," decency is calling for sane dress. Here in Hopkinsville the narrow skirt has become less a condition of fate. Yes.

THRESHING OF WHEAT

Has Been Long Delayed By Rain—Was Started Yesterday.

WEATHER STILL UNCERTAIN.

Damages To The Crop Have Been Overestimated, Except In Lowlands.

With weather conditions still more or less unsettled, the threshers started yesterday in some parts of the county for the first time. Tuesday was a bright day, it rained Wednesday and Thursday and yesterday were bright days. The three days of sunshine this week helped things wonderfully and wheat that was on high land was in fair condition for threshing yesterday. It is turning out better than was expected and the farmers will soon begin to feel better as crop prospects improve.

No new wheat has yet come to market, except one load threshed by Atkins Bros. between showers, one day last week.

lapse into former scarcity of material in a lady's street dress, if it be possible.

We have been asked so often as to the cost of using the Cumberland and Home telephones in connection under the new ownership that in order to answer intelligently as to new rates we waited upon Mr. Edwards, the new manager. He said that in a few days all desired information would be published in the papers. All we can definitely say now is that persons who are using the Cumberland phone and are paying \$2 per month, will pay the same when physical connection is made with the Home. When the connection is made the monthly rate of \$1.50 on the Home will be raised to \$2, the flat rate on both phones being \$2, of course. By both telephone systems passing into new hands patrons of the Home are put in connection with 1,600 new subscribers, and patrons of the Cumberland have the advantage of 1,500 additional connections.

Sells Home.

Arthur Wallace this week sold to Elmer Coates, the druggist, his cottage on East 18th street, now occupied by A. W. Pyle. Mr. Coates will take possession as soon as Mr. Pyle moves into his new house on South Virginia street.

TABERNACLE BOARD

Met Thursday, But Not Able to Promise Another Lyceum Course.

The meeting of the board of managers of the Tabernacle last Thursday was not fruitful of results so far as assuring a lyceum course of entertainments for the coming season. It may be said, however, that if the people want a course they can count assuredly get it, but the board just now does not see its way clear to arrange for attractions until it gets an expression from the public. It has an option on several numbers until August 15th. Another meeting will be held in a few days, when something definite may be evolved out of a variety of suggestions before the board.

Karl Dietrich, Jr.

Born to the wife of Karl E. Dietrich, the first of this week, a boy, Karl L. Dietrich, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Dietrich have been married about eight years, but this is the first time the stork has ever visited their home. Mr. Dietrich holds a very responsible position with a steel

Cuban Revolt Is Over.

Santiago, July 12.—General Montenegro, the commander-in-chief of the Cuban government troops, has formally turned over the government of the province of Oriente to the civil authorities, declaring that the rebellion is over. He is to embark for Havana July 18, leaving only sufficient troops to maintain the

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DEMOCRATIC TICKET.



FOR PRESIDENT
WOODROW WILSON
of New Jersey.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT
THOMAS R. MARSHALL
of Indiana.

ELECTORS.
State at Large:
Robert Harding, Boyle.
H. V. McChesney, Franklin.
1st—Robert Hazelwood, Carlisle.
2nd—D. H. Kinchloe, Hopkins.
3rd—W. C. Good, Allen.
4th—P. L. Durham, Ohio.
5th—Keith L. Bullitt, Jefferson.
6th—R. C. Simmons, Kenton.
7th—G. T. Perkins, Lee.
8th—J. H. Tomlinson, Garrard.
9th—J. W. Riley, Rowan.
10th—J. E. Childers, Pike.
11th—Carlo Little, Clay.

The cartoonists have hit upon the
Gum as the device of "Moosevelt's"
new party.

Boys, don't get reckless and bet
that every state in the union will go
Democratic next fall. Vermont, New
Hampshire and one of the Dakotas
are pretty apt to go Republican.

Senator Bristow, Republican, of
Kansas says: "Governor Wilson
will be elected. I don't think Taft
will carry a single State. Roosevelt
may carry such States as California,
Kansas, Minnesota, the Dakotas and
Nebraska, but Wilson will probably
carry the country. I have heard
talk that there might be an agree-
ment among Republicans whereby
Bristow and Roosevelt would with-
draw and a third man be named,
but I believe there is not the slight-
est foundation for it. The time for
such an agreement was while the
Chicago convention was in progress,
but the Taft leaders were afraid to
agree on a third man, believing that
if they showed any weakness there
would be a stampede to Roosevelt.
And Taft could not be expected to
withdraw now. The fight will be
between Wilson and Roosevelt, and
the former, backed by a united
party, will be elected."

Woodrow Wilson.

Robert Wilson, of Knox county,
Ind., has named his newborn son
Woodrow.

What It Means.

Col. Roosevelt calls Senator Root
an "autolycus." Freely translated
that might mean A self-lighted of
gigantic horsepower.—Nashville
Democrat.

Tramps For Teddy.

The annual convention of Hobos,
of which James Ead. How of St.
Louis was the founder, met in New
York this week and voted down a
resolution condemning Roosevelt for
starting a new party to reduce the
high cost of living.

Prefers White Policemen.

Senator Hoke Smith has registered
a protest at the District Attorney's
office against the employment of
colored policemen in the District of
Columbia. He said that they are a
cause of friction, and that the places
held by them ought to be filled by
good white men.

Even Sober Men Saw It.

A meteor, which lit up the sky
with brilliant colors and was seen by
scores of persons, fell into the river
at Louisville Monday night near the
foot of Wenzel street, narrowly
missing the Louisville bridge in its
descent. The splash and sizzling of
the meteor could be heard for several
miles in the vicinity.

Helpless As a Baby.

Valley Heights, Va.—Mrs. Jennie
B. Kirby, in a letter from this place,
says: "I was sick in bed for nine
months, with womanly troubles. I
was so weak and helpless, at times,
that I could not raise my head off
the pillow. I commenced to take
Cardui, and I saw it was helping me,
at once. Now I work all day." As
to tonic, for weak women, nothing
has been found, for fifty years, that
would take the place of Cardui. It
will surely do you good. Cardui is
prepared from vegetable ingredi-
ents, and has a specific, curative ef-
fect on the womanly organs. Try a
bottle today. At your druggist's.

TOBACCO
FARMERS'
OPPORTUNITY.

Very productive and fertile TO-
BACCO LANDS, free from stone,
excellent water, climatic and health
conditions; with finest automobile
roads in the South. Near city of
fifteen thousand people. As an ex-
tra inducement to encourage tobacco
raising, we will sell these lands in
tracts of eighty acres up, at from
\$12.00 to \$20.00 per acre, payable
ten per cent cash and ten years on
balance if necessary, with six per
cent interest on deferred payments.
Address, NATCHEZ DISTRICT DE-
VELOPMENT LEAGUE, Natchez,
Mississippi.

Prolific Portuguese.

At Plymouth, Mass., July 6, Mrs.
Dorgerlina Fuertado, wife of Ernest
Fuertado, gave birth to four chil-
dren, a boy and three girls. The
boy died soon after, but the girls are
getting along well. The children
varied in weight. The boy weighed
five pounds and the girls four and
one-half, three and one half and two
and one-half. With this quartet to-
day it makes five children that Mrs.
Fuertado has given birth to in less
than a year, as her first child was
born early last September. Fuerta-
do came to this country from Portu-
gal five years ago. He is of small
figure, weighing about 120 pounds,
32 years old, while his wife is 26, and
weighs 90 pounds.

Shackle Skirts Now.

New York.—Fashion has evolved
the "shackle gown," a very much
exaggerated form of the hobble,
with neither shape nor style. The
National Ladies Tailors and Dress-
makers Association held the first
session of its convention July 5, and
new styles were decided upon by
secret ballot. The "shackle" will be
made to fit the figure exactly, hug-
ging it straight down to the knee.
Half way between the knee and the
ankle there will be a slit, filled with
heavy Russian lace. From the
perspective it would seem to be a
combination of the hobble, the
sheath and the plaited skirt.

42 Years Years In Office.

Mr. Charles D. Baily, who died re-
cently at his home in Clarksville, had
a most remarkable record. He served
continuously forty-two years in
public office and was still in office at
the time of his death.

Mr. Bailey was first elected Cir-
cuit Clerk of Montgomery county in
1870 and filled that place for nine-
teen years. Resigning the position
before his last term had expired, he
became the chief clerk in the County
Clerk's office and was, at the regu-
lar election the year following, made
County Court Clerk. This place he
filled without intermission until he
died.—Nashville Banner.

Drown In Surf.

Jacksonville, Fla.—Miss Mary E.
Proctor, a trained nurse, was drown-
ed in the surf at Pablo beach and
her half sister, Miss Louise McKin-
ney, an employee in the local post-
office, was rescued only after a fierce
struggle on the part of two young
men, who went to their assistance.

The young women ventured out
too far. Both cried for help, and
while the men were rescuing Miss
McKinney, Miss Proctor was drown-
ed. Her body was recovered.

Don't buy a range from a
peddler when you can get a
far better one at home for
\$10.00 less money.

Military Assassinations.

El Paso, Tex., July 10.—Disregard-
ing a recent proclamation in which
he promised amnesty to the rebels
who would lay down arms, General
Hearst, federal commander, has
been executing revolutionaries by the
wholesale since driving rebels from
Chihuahua city, which his forces are
occupying.

Dick Weds Again.

Greenwich, Conn., July 10.—Rich-
ard Harding Davis, the author, and
Miss Elizabeth Genevieve McAvoy,
known on the stage as Beesie McCoy,
were married here Monday by Jus-
tice of the Peace William C. Rungee.

After Many Years.

John H. McNamara, who while a
fugitive was known in Louisville as
Dr. Jimmy Baker, is on trial at Lex-
ington upon the charge of murder-
ing Jacob S. Keller thirteen years
ago.

Bitten By Mad Dog.

Bowling Green, Ky., July 10.—
Rev. S. J. Linsley of the Christian
church, Midway, Ky., was brought
to a local hospital to receive Pasteur
treatment. He was bitten by a mad
dog several weeks ago.

BRAZIL IS FULL OF GAME

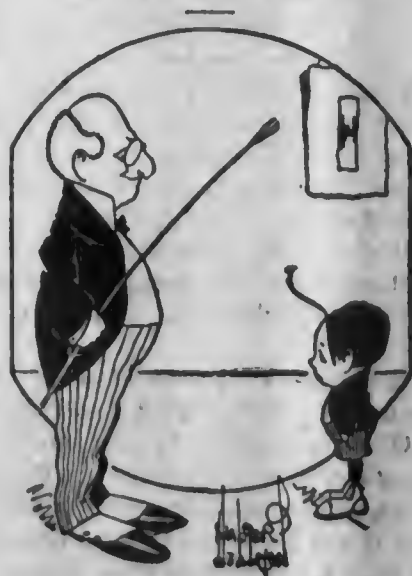
Animals, Birds and Fish of Every De-
scription Abound in Its Woods
and Rivers.

"For the man who loves to hunt
and fish Brazil is a paradise," con-
tinued Dr. Griffith. "I do not sup-
pose there is a part of the world
where game is more plentiful or that
can be hunted under more satisfac-
tory conditions than in the state of
Minas Geraes, say a couple of hun-
dred miles to the north of Rio Ja-
neiro. The prairies and woods teem
with animals and birds of every de-
scription. There are tigers and
water hogs and wild hogs and funny
little red deer about the size of a
goat, and tall red wolves with long
but very slender bodies. There are
magnificent birds known as the per-
diz and the codorna, which greatly
resemble our quail, only a great deal
bigger, with the same flavor and the
same delicious white meat. Dogs
are used in hunting them, just as we
use them in quail shooting in this
country.

"Then there are scores of other
feathered creatures unlike any speci-
mens we have here, and in the lakes
and rivers myriads of wildfowl, in-
cluding ducks the equal of our
vaunted canvasbacks. There are
wild pigeons in the forests and a big
bird that is a fair counterfeit of our
wild turkey.

"The native Brazilians are not
very keen on hunting themselves,
but now and then one can be found
to make up a camping party, and so
plentiful is the game, both on the
prairies and in the mountains, that
it is always easy to get permission
of a landowner for shooting over his
estate."—Baltimore American.

UP-TO-DATE YOUTH



Stern Father—Willie, didn't you
know it was wrong to steal?
Willie—Well, you was saying only
yesterday dat you hoped I would
grow up into a great man.

TOO SLOW TO LIVE.

Governor Dix, at a dinner in Al-
bany, was congratulated on his veto
of the milk bill. Of this bill, which
would have permitted the lowering
of the standard of milk purity, the
governor said: "The bill would be
a long step backward in the fight for
pure milk, and he who can't see this
must be as slow as Cornelius Husk
of Quag. 'I always said old Corn
Husk was slow,' said one Quag man
to another. 'Why, what's been doin'
now?' the other asked. 'Go'
himself run over by a hearse!'"

A Woman of
Her Word

By Clara Inas Deacon

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary
Press.)

Elisla Ridgeway was a simple man
of forty and lived on a farm alone
and made his own bed and did his
own cooking. Time after time he was
asked why he didn't marry, and time
after time his reply was:

"Mebbe I orter and mebbe not. I
dunno 'bout it."

But there came a time when he did
know. It was about a year after the
death of farmer Baker. Elisla had
known him and his wife for ten years.
For twelve months he went over and
helped the widow out as a duty, but
one day he stopped his horses at the
plow and rubbed his chin in a reflect-
ive way and said to himself:

"Gosh all fish-hooks, but I guess I
ought to marry Nancy! That hired
man of hers needs a man to boss him,
and some of her cows are always
sillin' or the hogs havin' the cholera.
Elisla Ridgeway, it's your duty."

That evening he went over to see
the widow. He was more quiet than
usual, and by and by she took notice
and asked:

"Elisla, anything on your mind?"

"Just a little," was the reply.

"Tater-bugs ain't come, have they?"

"Haven't got a squeal of a single
one."

"Didn't lose any turkeys by the last
cold rain?"

"Noap. What's on my mind, Nancy,
is gettin' married."

"For the land's sake!"

"Yes, I thought you'd me would get
married."

"Hear the man talk!"

"Yes, I'm a-talkin'. Thought it all
over this afternoon. Better set the
weddin' day."

Elisla Ridgeway was a good-natured
man and meant well, but he made a
mistake. He made it because he was
an old bachelor. It did not occur to
him that a woman must be won. Even
a cross-eyed, lop-shouldered woman
isn't going to be picked up and lugged
off to the altar without enough hang-
ing back to save appearances. Had
Elisla been courting for even a month
things might have been different, but
he hadn't courted at all. He had sim-
ply sat on the porch with the widow
and talked crops and country gossip.
There had been glorious sunsets and
silvery moons and songs by the whip-
poorwill, but not so much as a sigh
from him. And there was something



"Yes, Elisla, Them Are the Very
Words."

else to obstruct the way. The widow
looked at him for a moment and then
said:

"Elisla, there ain't goin' to be no
weddin' day!"

"But why?"

"In the first place I'm all eat up
with astonishment, and in the next
you must have heard what Sarah
Jones said the day my husband was
buried?"

"Don't remember."

"But I do, and so does a heap of
other folks. She keeps quiet for a
minute and then nods her head and
says:

"'You jest put it down in black and
white that Nancy Baker will marry
agin as soon as the year is up.'"

"Yes, 'Elisla, them are her very
words, and more'n a dozen women
have got 'em writ down. D'ye think
I'm goin' to let the words of that old
grasswidow come true? No sires!"

"But it's over a year," he protested.
"Yes, it's thirteen months, one day
and two hours, to be exact, but Sarah
Jones would giggle just the same."

"I thought from what Jim said when
he found he'd got to go that he ex-
pected us to get married."

"Mebbe he did, but we ain't goin' to
—not yet, anyway. 'Elisla, I'm a woman
of my word. When I heard of what
Sarah Jones said I said to myself that
I wouldn't marry agin under five years
at least, and I'll keep my word."

There was a groan from poor Elisla
that touched her heart, and her voice
was sympathetic, as she said:

"I ain't sayin' that I don't like you,
but I'm sayin' you'll have to wait four
years more."

Another long-drawn groan.

"But you come over and court.
Courtin' is no't to marryin'."

Elisla groaned some more, but the
widow Baker was implacable. Four
years more if it killed her stone dead!
It was a lonely man that went home
to a lonely house.

The very next day, while he was at
the plow again, he heard the widow
calling for help and started on the
run to the rescue. A couple of tramps

had invaded the farmhouse and were
making threats. Elisla went for them
like a locomotive running away. He
banged them and slammed them, and
slammed them, and booted them, and
when they had crawled away to the
road the grateful widow said to him:
"Elisla, I hate to break my word,
but we'll take a year off those four
and make the time three."

The old bachelor sighed over it, but
went his way. Three years was not
as long as four, no matter what al-
manac one had in the house.

Luck is erratic. She will slam-bang
a man one day, and let him find a fat
wallet in the road on the next. In this
case, she didn't slam-bang at all. She
just cuddled up to Elisla and told him
to go ahead and she would back him,
and he went ahead.

Two days after the tramp episode
the widow Baker raised a ladder be-
side the house to tie up a growing
vine, and by a bit of carelessness she
lost her hold and hung head down-
wards. It was Elisla that came to
her rescue again, and it was the wom-
an who, after drinking a pint of hard
cider to steady her nerves, looked up
at him with grateful eyes and said:

"Elisla Ridgeway, I'm a woman of
my word, but I'll be snuffed if I
don't take a year off them three, leav-
ing only two for you to wait! But for
you I'd be a dead woman now."

Elisla thought of the two long years
and sighed and went his way with a
feeling that Luck might keep things
going. She did. Only three days later,
when he went to carry back a bor-
rowed hoe, he found the widow Baker
in the well, where she had been for
three long hours, and was chilled
through and through. In drawing a
bucket of water she had leaned too far
over the curb.

"I was praying for you to come,"
she said with chattering teeth as he
looked down at her.

"You tie the end of the rope around
you when I let it down. Stop! Does
this take off another year?"

"Elisla, you know I'm a woman of
my word," was the reply.

"You are, Nancy."

"I said four years and then three
years, and now, though I know how
Sarah Jones will giggle, I'm goin' to
knock off still another year."

"Good for you! Come up!"

One year now—only one! Elisla
wondered if Luck was going to turn
on him or continue being good. If he
could only smash that other year!

He had his opportunity. There came
a thunderstorm one midnight, and the
bolt that struck the widow Baker's
house and set it afire raised him out
of bed and sent him running. The
rain, aided by a few pails of water,
doused the flames, and some more
hard cider brought the widow clear of
the shock. She had given herself up
for dead. After she could talk Elisla
seemed to expect her to say some-
thing. She realized that he did, and
therefore led off:

"Elisla, I'm a woman of my word!
I said five years, and then four—three
—two."

"And now, Nancy?"

"Sarah Jones is goin' to giggle."

HIS ONE GREAT ADVANTAGE

Bachelor is Free to Get Married at
Any Time if He Wants
To

The advantages of being a bachelor
are so many that their mere number
is confusing. While one is jolling
around in the midst of them, so to
speak, this confusion may be disas-
trous, for it is just in these moments
that one is most likely to fall in love
with some one. Let us, therefore,
dwell on only one advantage as being
paramount to all of the others.

This advantage then, is that a bachel-
or is always free to marry if he
wants to. Think of it! There is no
other condition like it!

For example, if you are once mar-
ried, you are then not free to marry
again when you want to. To do this
you must first go to your wife and
explain the matter and get her con-
sent. You can do nothing without
her co-operation. Now, it is by no
means easy in these days to get an
appointment with one's wife. The ob-
ject must first be fully explained be-
forehand or she will have none of you.

With a bachelor, however, no diffi-
culty presents itself. At any moment
he has only to say to himself, "I be-
lieve I will get married," and the
thing is as good as done.

Not that he is compelled to avail
himself of the opportunity. Of course
not! The idea of any kind of freedom
is never to avail one's self of it. The
great advantage is that it is always
there. We never draw upon it. It
does us no intrinsic good. It is just
there.

And so for a bachelor, "being mar-
ried" is always "just there." He con-
templates it with satisfaction. He can
do it if he wants to. Therein lies his
supreme strength. To avail himself of
the opportunity is, of course, to take
away his own freedom.—Life.

Bolivia Without a Seaport.

In territorial extent Bolivia stands
third among the republics of South
America and is one of the two without
a seaport. Her natural outlet to the
Pacific ocean was taken by Chile at
the end of the war of the Pacific, and
today she is shut off from the sea like
Switzerland. La Paz, Oruro and Po-
tosi are all cities standing over 12,000
feet above the level of the sea. Bol-
ivia's economic advance during re-
cent years has been noteworthy, par-
ticularly in the line of railroad ex-
tension. La Paz, Lake Titicaca, Oruro
and Potosi are all linked with Anto-
fagasta on the Pacific coast, and ex-
press trains carry passengers from
La Paz, the capital, to Antofagasta on
the sea coast in two days.

PREFERRED LOCALS

J. H. Dagg for contracting
golding and general repair work of
all kinds. Phone 476.

FOR—Fresh candy and quick sales,
made today and sold tomorrow, call
on—P. J. BRESLIN.

FOR SALE—A good family horse
and pheasant for sale cheap.
H. R. TILFORD,
Home phone 1155.

AUTOMOBILE—For sale or trade
for Hopkinsville property. Regal 30
H. P., fully equipped and in first-
class order. Address W. J. Bailey,
Madisonville, Ky.

Lots for Homes.

Three residence lots on Canton
Pike and West 17th Street so cheap
you can't afford to miss one for a
home.
John C. Duffy.

Wheat Wanted.

We want to buy your wheat and
will pay the highest market price.
Will furnish new sacks on liberal
terms. See us before you do any-
thing. GALBREATH & CO.
Office Odd Fellows' Bldg. Cumb.
Phone 57, Residence Phone 462.

Dissolution Notice.

The undertaking firm of Johnson,
Smithson & Everett has been dis-
solved by mutual consent. Mr. J. C.
Johnson retiring. Smithson & Everett
will continue in business, assume all
indebtedness of the firm, and collect
all the accounts of the old firm.
JOHNSON, SMITHSON & EVERETT.

FOR SALE

Lot nice driving horses and family
horses not afraid of automobiles.
C. H. LAYNE.

LAST WARNING.

All property upon which delinquent
taxes for the years 1908 and 1909
are not paid by July 15, 1912, will
be advertised for sale. This is the
last warning and no further time
will be given.

W. S. DAVISON,

Delinquent Collector

City Taxes for 1908-09.

T. S. Knight & Co.

Real Estate Loans
and Insurance. Office
south side Court
Square.

AT THE CHURCHES.

First Baptist Church—Rev. C. M.
Thompson, Pastor. Services as
usual.

Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Morning Service—11:00 a. m.
B. Y. P. U.—6:30 p. m.
Evening Service—8:00 p. m.

Second Baptist Church—Rev. E. J.
Weller, Pastor.

Sunday School—9:45 a. m.
Preaching—11 a. m.
B. Y. P. U.—6:00 p. m.
Preaching—7:00 p. m.

Prayer meeting every Wednesday
night—7:00 p. m.
Sunday night topic: "The Harvest
is Passed."

Westminster Presbyterian Church
Rev. C. H. H. Branch, Pastor.

Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Men's Bible Class—10:00 a. m.
Morning Service—10:45 a. m.

First Presbyterian Church—Rev.
Edward Bryant Landis, Pastor.

Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Morning Service—10:45 a. m.
Christian Endeavor—6:45 p. m.
Evening Service—7:30 p. m.

Weekly Prayer Meeting—Wednes-
day—7:30 p. m.
Pastor will occupy pulpit preach-
ing at both hours.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev.
A. R. Kasey, Pastor.

Sunday School—9:30 a. m.
Morning Service—10:45 a. m.
Epworth League—6:45 p. m.
Evening Service—7:30 p. m.

CORTRIGHT METAL SHINGLES

Roofs Put on
26 Years Ago

are as good as new, and have never needed repairs—never need attention of any kind, except an occasional coat of paint.

Storm-proof Fire-proof Lightning-proof
Don't buy that roof for the new building, or re-roof the old, until you have examined the Cortright Metal Shingles.

FOR SALE BY
FORBES MANUFACTURING CO.
Incorporated.
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Res. Phone 511.
Hopkinsville, Ky.

OSTEOPATHS
Office Phone 703.

NEW CENTURY HOTEL OPEN EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

RATES ON APPLICATION FIRST CLASS ORCHESTRA
DAWSON SPRINGS, KY.

Special rates to those coming early in the season. The mineral waters of Dawson are second to none in regard to their curative powers. Special rates on the L. C. Railroad. The New Century Hotel is equipped with electric lights and is steam-heated. An up-to-date Hotel in all respects. J. V. Hayton & Co., Proprietors.
ROY L. THRELKELD, MANAGER.

A FINE LINE OF COPY- RIGHTED ART CALENDARS.

The plans for your advertising campaign this year should by all means include a handsome Art Advertising Calendar for 1913. We have secured the exclusive agency for the copyrighted Calendars produced by the Collins Mfg. Co., of Philadelphia.

This is one of the largest and most substantial Calendar houses in the United States, and the quality of their line is superior to that of any ever shown in this section.

This line will be handled exclusively by us in Christian and Trigg counties. It includes a great number and variety of subjects in full color, as well as some hand colored pictures of exceptional beauty.

The samples for 1913 will be in our hands shortly, and we shall be glad to show them to you at an early date. **MAKE NO PLANS FOR YOUR 1913 CALENDAR UNTIL YOU SEE THIS EXTRAORDINARY LINE.**
HOPKINSVILLE KENTUCKIAN.

COOK WITH GAS...

Cheapest and best fuel.
No dirt, no smoke, no soot.
Try it. You will like it.

Kentucky Public Service Company
(Incorporated)

Office: Y.M.C.A. Building, Ninth Street

Penny

"Penny—Penny Mulligan!" whispered Miss Gablin of the notion counter.

The young girl with two long, thick braids of red hair leaned down from the bundle counter overhead.

"Well?" she replied crisply.

"Have you seen the new floor-walker?"

"No—where is Mr. Freer?"

"Transferred to the upholstery. It's a shame, too. He certainly is a gentleman!" Miss Gablin patted the blond puffs of her elaborate coiffure and sighed audibly. "He certainly is a gentleman," she repeated.

"He is," returned Penny. She turned back to her labors of wrapping parcels.

"You certainly are swift, Penny," murmured the stout bundle girl.

"It's a dull day," said Penny, yawning.

Ever since she had run away from her home in the middle West to become an actress, Penelope had been on the lookout for people from home. True she had written back to her uncle and aunt, telling them that she was earning her living and when she said that she was "acting" how could that unsophisticated couple suspect that the part she was playing was the very practical one of bundle counter girl in a department store.

She had given her name as Penny Mulligan, when in fact she bore the charming title of Penelope Marston.

Arthur Preston had asked her to marry him and had been laughingly dismissed by the stage-struck girl. "I cannot marry any one, Arthur," she said, condescendingly. "I have a career before me, you know?"

"Pooh!" the practical Arthur had said—he was a real estate agent and very live and up-to-date in his native town—"pooh, honey, you can't act!" "I will show you!" Penny had said, wrathfully.

"Penny—Penny Mulligan!" shrieked Miss Gablin during another lull in the business of this rainy day.

"What is it?" asked Penny languidly as she leaned over the railing.

"There he is!"

"Whom do you mean?" Penny was not interested, but she strove to be polite.

"The new floorwalker. He's standing there by the perfumery—his back is this way. He's lovely looking!"

Penny looked and saw a tall, massively built young man garbed in the conventional livery of the store standing with his hands loosely clasped behind his back. He looked—oh, so much like Arthur Preston, but of course that was absurd!

"Yes, isn't he?" she managed to say carelessly in response to Miss Gablin's last remark.

Later she happened to glance downward, and her blue eyes met the calm, cool gaze of the new floorwalker. His glance passed from her face to that of the other bundle girl, and then he passed on his leisurely way down the store. It was Arthur Preston.

When she had an opportunity, she asked Miss Gablin the name of the new floorwalker.

"The most romantic name I ever heard, Penny," Miss Gablin said from the office of the notion counter.

Penny came back to her work, conscious that Miss Gablin was holding an animated conversation with Mr. Claude Reston.

"How dare he come here under an assumed name?" fumed Penny.

She snapped the string viciously and the fat parcel flew out of her hands and fell plump upon the sleek, black head of the new floorwalker.

Miss Gablin shrieked becomingly as Mr. Reston gracefully disentangled himself from the shower.

"Ain't you afraid you'll get fired, Penny?" gasped the fat girl.

"I don't care!" flared Penny recklessly. "I'm going to leave anyway, to-night."

Some one was coming up the steep little stair of the bundle counter. A ruffled black head, a pair of black eyes, a pair of broad shoulders, a big hand holding forth the ragged bundle of false hair.

"Here, Penelope," he said coolly. "Please don't do that again."

Penny was speechless with indignation, as she took the package from him and their hands touched. He disappeared at once, and Penny proceeded to wrap the bundle carefully. It required elaborate care, for great tears were welling in her blue eyes. The tears splashed upon the package, and she thrust it violently toward the tube.

To Penny's horror, it leaped over the rail and descended almost at the feet of the new floorwalker!

"Gee!" giggled the fat girl.

Penny was frozen with mortification, as once more Mr. Reston climbed the stairs and handed the package to the girl.

"I'll be waiting for you at six o'clock, Penelope," he whispered softly. "If we hurry we can take the train tomorrow morning and I promised your Aunt Susan that if she would make the wedding preparations I'd bring the bride. You wouldn't want to disappoint Aunt Susan, would you?"

"No," whispered Penelope meekly. "Gee!" muttered the fat girl once more.

"The nerve!" glared Miss Gablin.

"Oh, joy!" sang Penelope's heart.

Just Half In Bed

Clyde, Ky.—Mrs. I. A. Decker: "I recommend Cardui, the woman's tonic, to any woman in need of a remedy. For five years I was unable to do my own work. Half my time was spent in bed. At last I tried Cardui. Now I am well and happy, and can do my own work." Don't suffer pain, headache, backache, and other womanly miseries, when your own druggist has on his shelf a remedy for such troubles—Cardui. Get a bottle for yourself. As a general tonic, for weak women, nothing has been found for 50 years that would take its place. Try it. It will help you.

Playing Chess

"What's in the box?" asked the girl in pink. The young man with the high forehead smiled at her. "I'm going to teach you chess," he announced. "I brought over the men."

"Why, how perfectly lovely!" cried the girl in pink, immediately pulling off the cover. "I know I'll be just crazy about it! Aren't they cunning?"

"I'm glad you're pleased," said the young man in a gratified tone. "I was afraid you wouldn't want to learn or would be bored. Few women care about chess. It's really a great game!"

"The idea of not caring about it!" exclaimed the girl in pink, spreading out the board. "I know it's so different. Why, the other girls will simply die of envy when I tell them I can play chess! It sounds so intellectual!"

"Now, we'll set up the men," announced the young man with the high forehead.

"Oh, they're not all alike, are they?" she continued in surprise. "How funny! I should think that would mix you up dreadfully! Don't you think it would be lots easier to play if they were all alike? I heard of a man who could play six games of chess at once—let's try it!"

The young man coughed. Well, I have men for only one game," he said. "Maybe it would be better just at first not to try any more!"

"All right," agreed the girl in pink, cheerfully. "Only I think it would be loads of fun to have six games at the same time. Then we could walk around among them. I get awfully tired sitting still—do you? I guess it's because I have nerves. My mother's sister—"

"Now I'll move this one," said the young man. Then he explained the moves to her and finally said: "It's your turn."

"I think it is perfectly absurd not to let them all move alike!" she cried. "It just mixes you up! Is that really the way you have to play or are you just trying to fool me?"

"I'm not smart enough to make it up," said the young man. "Men more brilliant than I invented the moves hundreds and hundreds of years ago."

"Well," said the girl in pink indignantly, "if they've been playing it so long I should think they would have straightened it out and simplified it before now. You move 'em all alike when you play checkers and you know what you are doing! If this thing's a queen why isn't there a crown or something on it, and for these horses that turn corners—how perfectly ridiculous!"

"You'll understand it after you have played it a while," said the young man. "I'd move that one to start with if I were you."

"All right," said the girl in pink. "I'd rather shoot this one down the black squares, though. It's so funny to see it go crisscross instead of straight ahead—"

"But you can't," said the young man. "Your bishop can't move because that pawn is in the way!"

"I don't think a little pawn ought to count when it's a bishop that wants to get by," said the girl in pink, argumentatively.

"Now I'll move this," said the young man, firmly. "You see, it threatens your queen."

"I don't see why that is so awful," said the other. "Oh, you say the queen is the most valuable of all because it moves farther and in every direction? Oh, Arthur! I saw Marie downtown today and what do you suppose she told me? You'll be surprised! You'd never guess—"

"You can't move that way," said the young man. "This isn't dominoes or checkers—the idea isn't to take all your opponent's men!"

"Well, what is the idea?" demanded the young woman. "In checkers you try to take 'em and—oh, to checkmate the king, you say? Well, I'd like to know how I can get anywhere near your king when you've got him on the back line with all those other things stacked up in front of him—you ought to move 'em' out. What's that thing? A castle? How silly! It doesn't look any more like a castle than I do! If it's a castle, why doesn't it look like one?"

"I'm afraid," suggested the young man, "that chess doesn't appeal to you! Perhaps we'd better stop playing!"

"Why, I'm perfectly crazy about it!" insisted the girl in pink. "I think it is terribly interesting and I'm so glad I've learned how! And I don't see anything so awfully hard about it either! But it makes my head ache a little, so let's play authors for a change!"

Dolls Always Known.

History fails to tell us the inventor of the doll, which has been such a boon to mankind, not only in quieting the rowdy youngster, but in stimulating a healthy imagination and affection. Five hundred years before Christ little girls had dolls; there is sure evidence of it, and Edward Lovell, an enthusiastic collector, has a doll from that time. It is little more than a battered stick now, but is unmistakably a doll. No one could name a fair value for such a prize. It stands out as a proof that the child of today is essentially like her little sister some twenty-five hundred years ago.—Duffee Advertiser

From Lucile's Diary

"Oh for a breath of country air!" I sighed one evening during the dreadful hot weather we had a little while ago.

"You love the country, don't you, Lucile?" asked Arthur Knight, who happened to be sitting on our porch.

"Yes, I'm afraid I envy people who have summer homes," I replied.

"That reminds me that Uncle Ben gave me the key to Red Roof before he started to Europe last week. It's a lovely little place."

"Do tell me about Red Roof," I begged. "The name is perfectly fascinating."

"Instead of my describing it, suppose I show it to you," he suggested. "We can make the run out there in three hours in my car. Wouldn't you like to go?"

"Of course I would," I answered. Inside of ten minutes we had a little outing trip planned and Uncle Bob and Betty had been invited over the telephone.

When Arthur came for me the morning we were to go he looked disturbed. "Lucile," he said, "I'm awfully sorry, but my cook has disappointed us."

"Oh, Betty and I will enjoy cooking," I replied. "You and Uncle Bob can help us and it will be a regular camping frolic."

"What a trump you are!" exclaimed Arthur in a tone that quite repaid me.

It was great fun getting the house opened and straightened things around and when we got a bit settled within doors Arthur said that he and Uncle Bob would mow a path to the water and launch the boat. Betty and I went into the kitchen and began to prepare the noon dinner.

"I'll make stuffed baked potatoes," I said. "They're my specialty. I picked out nice ones and took them down to the river for Uncle Bob to wash, for potatoes are very rough for delicate hands."

"Well, this is a joke," laughed Uncle Bob.

"You know the bargain was for you boys to help," I returned merrily. So in a very few minutes the potatoes were scrubbed clean.

"If there's nothing else for me to do just now," I said to Betty after I had put them into the oven. "I'll see about the bedrooms."

I went upstairs. Going into the room Betty was to have I saw her bathing dress lying in her open suitcase. Suddenly I remembered that I had forgotten to bring my bathing suit. I think Betty ought to have reminded me, of it, but some people never think of any one except themselves. I thought how refreshing a little dip would be before dinner, so I hastily donned Betty's suit.

"That looks good to me," said Uncle Bob when I appeared on the shore. "Let us take a swim, too, Knight."

In a short time we were all three splashing in the water together. We made such a noise that Betty came around to the front porch to see what was going on.

"Come on in, Betty," called Uncle Bob.

She hesitated an instant and then went into the house only to reappear looking vexed.

"I can't find my bathing suit," she said crossly. "Lucile, you have it on!"

Uncle Bob looked at me and then got out of the water and followed Betty into the house.

"I never thought that Betty would want her bathing suit just now," I said to Arthur. "She is usually so generous and sisterly about borrowing back and forth that I didn't think to ask her for the suit."

I sighed and Arthur looked at me sympathetically, but before he could say a word Betty came to the door and called that we should be late to dinner if we didn't hurry. I got dressed in time to help put dinner on the table.

"Oh, never mind assisting me now," said Betty, with an acid little smile. "I'm sure you'll be relieved to know that I have already stuffed the potatoes."

I often wish that Uncle Bob had married a less difficult person than Betty. She made it very unpleasant for me by her grumpiness at dinner, and I think it was extremely selfish of her to insist on going home the very next morning, saying that she was not feeling quite well.

Sometimes I am forced to be a trifle skeptical about Betty's convenient attacks of illness.

Changes in Egyptian Life.

Egyptians who have been educated in this country or who have been here on business trips or simply as a part of their education, are working zealously in their native land to have their wives adopt many American ideas and customs. In the last twenty-five years American influence has been felt greatly in Egypt. Many fathers in Egypt are educating their daughters to read and write English, and have encouraged them to play in many games just as English and American girls do. Through the mission the social life of Egypt is going through a transition.

Worst Kind of Incident.

A woman can kiss another woman without involving the slightest perceptible interruption to the conversation.—Ohio State Journal.

WARNING!
MINUTE REMINDERS!
ON
A BURNING SUBJECT!
Get It Off Your Mind!



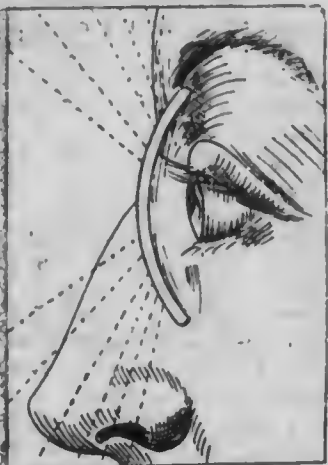
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The Best On The Market
And Forget It--
Until Time To Fire Up!
We'll Do The Rest,
With Coal Of The Best!
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The New Toric Lens

Enlarges the field of vision, re-
lieves ocular strain, and is a de-
cided improvement in many
cases over the flat lens to the
personal appearance of the
wearer.



THE FLAT LENS

In some cases are satisfactory,
but you will observe that they
limit the field of vision and do
not conform to features, as do
the wide angle lenses. We
grind both kinds, in our own
shop.

R. C. HARDWICK,
The Manufacturing Optician,
No. 5 S. Main St.

COOK'S DRUG STORE

THE COLDEST SODA
THE PUREST DRUGS
THE SWEETEST CANDY
Come to See Us We
Want Your Business.

Cor. Ninth and Main Sts.

Day For Those Not Qualified To Vote In Primary Aug. 3.

A special registration will be held
in the city of Hopkinsville July 20
to register such new voters as will
become of age before the general
election, or who were prevented last
fall from registering. This will be
necessary to entitle these voters to
vote in the primary August 3.

Resolutions Of Respect.

The following preamble and reso-
lutions were adopted at the regular
meeting of the Royal Order of Lions,
at their regular meeting last Tues-
day night:

Whereas, The Messenger of death
has entered this city, severed the
mystic tie and removed from our
midst E. A. Roper, who on July 1st,
1912, passed from earth to his eter-
nal home and whereas this city has
lost one of its faithful citizens, the
community a kind neighbor, and his
family a true and devoted husband
and father, therefore,

Resolved, that we, as Lions, ex-
tend our deepest and most heartfelt
sympathies to the grief-stricken
family, knowing that they alone can
fully realize the extent of their loss.
Resolved, that a copy of these reso-
lutions be entered upon the minutes
of our Order and a copy furnished the
family and the Hopkinsville papers
for publication.

Respectfully submitted

J. A. SOUTHWELL
A. M. WALLIS.

Committee.

The Trip to Mammoth Cave.

I have ordered a special coach for
the Hopkinsville and Christian coun-
ty people to go and return from
Mammoth Cave leaving next Wed-
nesday, July 17th. The coach will
go on the regular train 7:05 a. m.
The total cost will be \$8.90. This will
include the railroad fare, also the
board at Cave hotel, and the several
routes through Cave. It will be a
grand two days' outing to see this
great subterranean wonder. The
tickets are limited to 10 days. For
those wanting a longer vacation.
Write or phone J. C. Hooe, Agent.

REPRESENTATIVES

Chosen To Meeting of K. P.
Grand Lodge.

At the meeting of Evergreen
Lodge No. 38 K. of P. Thursday
night Past Chancellors Herman John-
son, Frank Torian and George W.
Walker were elected representatives
to the grand lodge at Louisville.
A. M. Coleman and H. A. Keach are
the alternates.

After the election the members
were feasted in the rooms below as
guests of the Odd Fellows.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is
senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney
& Co., doing business in the City of To-
ledo, County and State aforesaid, and
that said firm will pay the sum of ONE
HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and ev-
ery case of Catarrh that cannot be cured
by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in
my presence, this 6th day of December,
A. D. 1896.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally
and acts directly upon the blood and mu-
cous surfaces of the system. Send for
testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

And Fined For Failure to Pro- vide For His Child.

Jesse Kirkman was arraigned be-
fore Judge Knight yesterday on a
charge of not providing for his 2-
year-old child. His wife, who had
the warrant issued, said that Kirk-
man had failed to make any provision
whatever for their child and
Judge Knight, after hearing the
evidence, imposed a fine on Kirkman
and put him under bond to furnish
means for the maintenance of the
child in the future. As Kirkman
turned over to the court \$40 as to
his sincerity the fine will be held up
as long as he observes the conditions
agreed upon.

Don't buy a range from a
peddler when you can get a
far better one at home for
\$10.00 less money.

NEW PLANS

Orozco Discouraged But Still
Determined.

Juarez, Mexico, July 12.—In the
same custom house where President
Taft once met former President Diaz
and where also a year ago Francisco
I. Madero established his triumph-
ant rebel government, today sat
General Pascual Orozco, Jr., weaving
the torn threads of his unsuccessful
military campaign against the federal
government. The rebel chief,
while admitting his defeat in an or-
ganized movement, made it plain
that the guerrilla warfare now be-
ing planned was calculated severely
to harass the Mexican government,
but contemplated neither friction
nor alliance with any foreign govern-
ment.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the
Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell*

HOG PLAGUE

Mysterious Disease Taking Off
The Porkers.

A new and unknown hog disease
quite different from cholera is tak-
ing off the hogs in some sections in
large numbers. Mr. J. P. Myers,
east of town, has lost nearly 60 head,
and his neighbors are suffering
from the same plague. The hogs
quit eating, fall off to mere skele-
tons and mope around until they fi-
nally die. Nothing done for them
seems to afford any relief. This new
loss on the farmers is a heavy one,
as hogs are still bringing high prices
in the markets.

DR. J. H. DONNELLY,
(Successor to Dr. Ketchum)

Office Virginia and Seventh
Streets.

Miss Chappell's House Party.

Miss Frances Chappell is giving a
house party this week, Misses Rubye
Forge and Roena Lunderman, of
Pembroke, and Mildred and Mary
Neville Hancock, of Hopkinsville,
being her guests.—Record.

THE PRACTICAL FARMER

—Buys His—

FERTILIZER

According to analysis. The results derived from
using Fertilizer depend upon the amount of plant
food, then the guaranteed analysis on bag. The an-
alysis is the important point; the name or the brand
is a second consideration. We give below a few of
the different analyses we sell:

IF IT IS BONE MEAL YOU WANT

We Have the Goods and the Price This Time.

Raw Bone Meal

Ammonia 4 1-2
Phosphoric Acid 23

Raw Bone Meal

Ammonia 3
Phosphoric Acid 24

Steamed Bone Meal

Ammonia 3
Phosphoric Acid 27

Bone Meal With Potash

Ammonia 3
Phosphoric Acid 23
Potash 3

Half and Half Mixture

Ammonia 3
Phosphoric Acid 12
Potash 2

Slaughterhouse Bone

Ammonia 2
Phosphoric Acid 8
Potash 2

Potash Formula---10-4

Phosphoric Acid 10
Potash 4

Let Us Figure With You On Analysis--
Our Prices Are Right.

F. A. Yost Company
INCORPORATED

RESTFUL,
PLEASANT,
INSTRUCTIVE

5 Big Boat Trips,
An Ocean
Voyage.

Free from Care and
Responsibility.

16 Days

Wilgus Summer Tour Aug. 8th

Includes Cincinnati, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Lake Ontario,
St. Lawrence River and Rapids, Thousand Islands, Montreal,
Albany, Hudson River, New York City, Voyage on the At-
lantic Ocean; Old Point Comfort, Potomac River, Washing-
ton City, Chesapeake and Ohio Scenery. Write at once for
particulars.

W. A. WILGUS, Tourist Agt., Hopkinsville, Ky.

A Complete Circle of Pleasure.

Wall Paper

IF YOU HAVE A ROOM OR SO THAT YOU WANT PAPERED,
NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO DO IT. WE ARE ABOUT UP WITH
OUR WORK AND CAN GIVE YOURS CAREFUL ATTENTION.

D. W. KITCHEN COMPANY INCORPORATED.

FOR SALE!

Twelve desirable Cottages in good neighborhoods. Will sell on small cash payments, balance on easy installments. Don't rent when you can buy on our terms. See us at once.

W.P. Winfree & Sons Co.
Cumb. Phone 305-2.



The Property Owner
Seeking profitable returns can depend on our methods. Our organization is grouped for effective service in both selling and renting **REAL ESTATE.**

Our years of successful commercial activity make possible the effective handling of any reasonable proposition. We can make terms to suit your convenience.

The Homestead Investment Agency
Yonts Building, 205 North Main St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

Job Printing at This Office

SUMMER TOURS

New York, Atlantic City, Old Point Comfort.
Variable Route and 30 Day Tourist Tickets on Sale
Daily Until September 30.

LOW FARES TO VIRGINIA COAST
August 6 and 20—September 3 and 17.

\$19.00 Louisville to Norfolk, Va., and Return.	\$18.00 Louisville to Richmond, Va., and Return.
---	--

TWENTY-NINE DAYS RETURN LIMIT
For full information of rates, schedules, etc., please address R. E. Parsons, D. P. A. C. & O. Railroad, Louisville, Ky.

Joint Mission Boards Entertain With Picnic.

The mission boards of Rich and Liberty churches, organized about a year ago, gave a picnic at Liberty church last Tuesday. Each member being allowed to invite one guest. After an elegant dinner was served, Rev. Stevens, the pastor, delivered an address. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by every one who attended.

Cottage For Rent

The 7-room cottage at 104 West 17th street will be vacated soon and will be for rent. It has electric lights, city water, bath room and is newly painted and papered throughout. Inquire on the premises or at Kentuckian office.

PELLAGRA VICTIM

Mrs. Bertha Copeland, an asylum patient from Fulton county, died at the institution Thursday of pellagra. She was 39 years old and had been in the asylum for about a year. This is the first victim of pellagra to die in the Western Asylum for several months. The remains were sent to Crutchfield for interment.

Don't buy a Range from a peddler when you can get a far better one at home for \$10.00 less money.

NOTICE

People are constantly asking me if I am going to leave Hopkinsville, some one having started such a rumor. I have been practicing here for the past thirteen years, and take this means of letting my friends know that this is my home and I intend to remain here.

DR. JAS. E. OLDFHAM,
Osteopath.
Cor. 14th and Clay Sts.

Grace Church.

Rev. Geo. C. Abbott, Rector.
Service at 10:45 a. m.
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

PURELY PERSONAL.

Mrs. Holt Price, of St. Louis, arrived Thursday to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Harned, on Walnut street.

Walter Wright, of Mayfield, is visiting Mrs. R. A. White's family.

Miss Claudia Davis, of Alexandria, La., who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. W. C. Davis, has gone to New York.

Miss Ruby Eshman has returned from Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Drs. J. W. Harned and W. A. Lackey have returned from Louisville.

Prof. H. E. Parsons, who is connected with the musical faculty of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, is visiting in the city. He will have charge of the organ at Grace church Sunday at the morning service.

Miss Era Young, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Young, was married at Denver, Colo., a few days ago to Mr. Lee Levy, of Memphis, Tenn. Miss Young was divorced some years ago from Dr. J. B. Garber of New York and had since lived in Omaha, Neb.

Miss Essie May Seay, a pretty Hopkinsville girl, now living at West Upton, Mass., will be married July 15 to Prof. Francis M. Baldwin, formerly of Louisville.

Mrs. James R. Jordan, of Nashville, Tenn., is the guest of Mrs. J. E. Kyzer on Walnut street. She is en route to Georgian Bay, Canada, where she will spend the summer.

George Crenshaw has recovered from his recent illness with typhoid fever, but it will be two weeks before he will have sufficiently regained his strength to return to his business in Hopkinsville. Dr. Chas. C. Brown, the well-known oculist of Hopkinsville, spent three days here this week in the practice of his profession. Mrs. James Carless and little daughter, Katie Mae, of Hopkinsville, are visiting Mrs. John Howard south of town.—Cadiz Record.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
Universalist.

Services at the Universalist church Sunday 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Morning Subject—"Is Salvation Universal."
Evening—"Metaphors."
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Let every member of the church be present at one or both of these services and bring your friends with you.

Positions On Ballot.

At a drawing held in my office the following arrangement of names on the Democratic Primary Election Ballot was decided upon:
FOR CONGRESS
A. O. STANLEY, First place.
FOR MAGISTRATE IN DIST. 3.
SYLVESTER REESE, Second place.
C. E. COMBS, Third place.
R. T. STOWE,
County Court Clerk.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Banking Facilities

With ample working capital, exceptional collection arrangements, and a thoroughly organized office system this bank has the ability and disposition to extend to its customers every facility warranted by safe, conservation banking.

Three per cent interest on Time Certificates of deposit.

BANK OF HOPKINSVILLE

Nat Gaither, President; J. E. McPherson, Cashier;
H. L. McPherson, Asst. Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

HOPKINSVILLE - - - KENTUCKY.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY.

Only National Bank in This Community
Capital.....\$75,000.00
Surplus.....25,000.00
Stockholders' Liability.....75,000.00

ISSUES TRAVELER'S CHECKS GOOD IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

HAS A REGULAR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings and Time Deposits

W. T. TANDY, President, IRA L. SMITH, Cashier.
JNO. B. TRICE, V. Pres't. J. A. BROWNING, JR., Asst. Cr.

CITY BANK & TRUST CO.

CAPITAL STOCK.....\$60,000.00
SURPLUS EARNED.....95,000.00

This Bank is prepared to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Trustee, and perform duties in all fiduciary capacities.

THREE PER CENT, ON TIME DEPOSITS.

JUST BEFORE YOU TAKE YOUR VACATION LOOK OVER FISHING TACKLE!



OURS IS THE FINEST EVER

Buy our strong lines and springy poles and properly tempered hooks, and you'll not lose your temper when the big fish gets on. You will land him. Tackle our tackle.
Time is at hand to buy Parris Green and Parris Green Sprays. We have got them for you.

PLANTERS HARDWARE CO.
INCORPORATED.

HUNTERS' ATTENTION!

We have just received 25,000 (Twenty-Five Thousand) New Club Gun Shells. Smokeless and Black Powder. 12 and 16 Gauge Guns. We would like to have your order when in need of them. Also, 22 Cartridges.

FARMERS--PARIS GREEN

Don't forget us, we have the very best brand and our price is 5 POUNDS OR OVER 20 CENTS POUND.

SUGAR

We will have another Car in a few days. Don't fail to lay in your supply.
50 pounds Cotton Sack.....\$5.50 hundred
25 pounds for.....\$2.90
25 pounds for.....\$1.25

LADIES

If you need any household articles—Knives, Spoons, Granite, Step Ladders, Water Coolers, Hatchets, Meat Saws, Cleavers, Bread Pans, Ice Cream Freezers—China and Cut Glass, come to see us, we want your business.

BOYS

Come and buy your Cigars from us, we have a fine line and will appreciate your business.

FRUIT JARS

Car Load of Masons Jars. We save you money.
1-2 Gallon Masons Jars for.....65c Dozen
Quart Masons Jars.....55c Dozen
Pint Masons Jars.....45c Dozen

Everybody come to see us, you will be cordially welcomed.

C. R. CLARK & CO.

Incorporated.

Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

L. & N.

Time Card No. 124

Effective Sunday April 30, 1917

TRAINS GOING SOUTH

No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:56 p. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:35 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:01 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:05 a. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH

No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:25 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:53 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 6:27 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:20 p. m.
Nos. 95 and 94 will make Nos. 90 and 91's stops except 94 will not stop at Mannington and No. 95 will not stop at Mannington or Empire.

At 5:45 a. m. connect at St. Louis and other points.

Connects at Guthrie for Memphis, St. Louis, and other points.

No. 53 and 54 make direct runs to and from St. Louis and other points.

No. 52 runs through to Chicago and will not stop at Memphis.

No. 92 runs through to Atlanta, St. Louis, and other points.

J. C. HOOE, Agt.

Tennessee Central

Time Table No. 4 Taking Effect

SUNDAY, March 10, 1912

EAST BOUND

No. 12 Leave Hopkinsville 6:30 a. m.
Arrive Nashville 9:45 a. m.
No. 14 Leave Hopkinsville 4:00 p. m.
Arrive Nashville 7:15 p. m.

WEST BOUND

No. 11 Leave Nashville 8:05 a. m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 11:20 a. m.
No. 13 Leave Nashville 5:00 p. m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 8:15 p. m.

T. L. MORROW, Agent

THE PRINCESS THEATRE

A GOOD PLACE TO GO

When you come to town bring the family and let them see the show.

Matinee Daily 2 O'clock to 5:20
EVENING 7 TO 10:20

Admission - - - 10 Cts
Children - - - 5 Cts

Averitt's Bed Bug Paste

The new exterminator for Bed Bugs, Roaches, Ants and all other insects. Not only kills and devours the bugs but prevents the eggs from hatching. Is convenient to use. Does not run or spread—fills the cracks. A positive exterminator and preventive. Made by the

Anderson-Fowler
DRUG CO. Incorporated.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers at 25c per bt. with Brush for applying.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS
50¢ BOTTLE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

Love and Loneliness

By A. Howard Gunter

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

New York is larger than Bologna, Alabama, and Willy Ben Webb, who knew every man, woman, child and dog in Bologna, did not care for a town that was chiefly made up of strangers. He lived in one of those elegant apartment houses, where everything is done by magic. He pressed a button when he wanted anything and another button when he did not want anything. His laundry disappeared and reappeared while he was at work. Even his shoes were spirited away while he slept and, no matter how early he rose, never a glimpse could he catch of the boot-black. The elevator boy wore a mechanical, highly glazed look, the telephone girl was calm and repelling. If he ventured a salutation, the clerk at the desk gave him a reproving, impersonal bow. All of this was very painful to Willy Ben, who liked human beings.

The truth is, he missed his mother and his six pleasant sisters, but he was capable and ambitious, and as his mother's cousin's nephew had given him a good position in his law office, there seemed no excuse for a return to Bologna. When he left home Willy Ben had brought his Bible, which he did not read; his tennis racket, with which he was making a reputation among the athletic clubs, and—his ideal. His mother had given him the ideal when he was a very tiny boy, his sisters had fostered it, and arrange to say, it clung to him sturdily among the temptations of the city. All this partly explained his loneliness.

He was dressing for tennis one afternoon, suffering at the same time violent pangs of homesickness, when a sharp tap sounded at the door. He flung it open and found a small messenger boy waving a telegram at him. "Come at once," it commanded; "Miss Walton seriously injured. Maria Lorgey." It gave an address on the lower east side.

"Now who," asked the puzzled Willy Ben, "is Miss Walton? And who is Maria Lorgey?"

The messenger boy did not seem to know; he did not seem to care, so Willy Ben dismissed him and pondered on the matter. There were his name and address written clearly on the envelope, yet he had never heard of either of the women who were sending him this urgent call from the unknown. He concluded it was a plot to trap him, though why he should be trapped he could not imagine, for if he had few friends in the city he had to his knowledge no enemies. Obviously, the thing to do was to ignore the telegram, but Willy Ben was young and hot-headed. He stuffed his revolver into his pocket and decided to walk into the trap.



"I'll Tell You Tomorrow."

The number given on the message proved to be one of a row of vault-like structures facing a filthy street. There was no one in sight, but when Willy Ben rang, the door flew open instantly and out of the blackness within appeared two wild white eyes and a row of gleaming teeth. Willy Ben recoiled, then realized that this was no apparition, but a ragged negro girl.

"Is you Mr. Bibb?" she questioned, eagerly. "We 'lowed you'd hurry. Come this way, sub." She plunged back into the darkness. With some misgivings, Willy Ben followed her. Somewhere in the 'inky blackness they stumbled on some crooked stairs and up, up, up interminably they climbed, the ragged guide fitting on before.

At the top the girl stopped and pushed open a door. "Miss Walton's been kilt," she whispered, in a scared voice. "Miss Maria's done gone for the doctor." Before Willy Ben could stop her, she was gone tearing down the steps and the blackness swallowed her up.

Willy Ben walked into a small, bare room. In the corner was a narrow bed, with a figure thrown limply across it. He stole across the room and looked at her in wonder. She was a young girl, no larger than his sister Elvyn's. It spread over the bed in disorder and Yrabadu said, "It's a lovely face. The waist was torn at the neck and there was blood on her forehead. He asked in horror if she were dead?

If it were only a faint, something must be done for her, as he found a basin and, pouring some water into it, knelt down by the bed and awkwardly began to bathe the girl's forehead. So troubled was he that he forgot to wonder why he was sent for, until his eyes fell on a picture that hung by the bed. To his utter astonishment, Willy Ben found his own image staring at him from an ornate gilt frame. Then he looked about the room and saw that he was everywhere. When he won the big tennis match from the champion of the Enderby Athletic Association every paper in New York had printed the photograph, and here they all were, on walls and tables and dresser, the only pictures in the room.

His address was printed under one of them and Willy Ben could now easily understand why the landlady had sent for him. But he had never seen the girl on the bed, he was sure of that, and why had she lined her walls with his photograph? There could be only one explanation. Willy Ben was a strong, well-built, six-footer, but he was not handsome, and to find that his rough-hewn, freckled countenance had appeared to one feminine heart was a wonderful thing. A deep crimson dyed his tanned cheeks.

The stairs began to creak and a whistling sounded regularly from below. Mrs. Lorgey and the doctor, he supposed it must be. They puffed into the room, a large old woman and a large untidy man. While the doctor examined the girl, Mrs. Lorgey sank into a chair, coughing over the sides and began a grumbling explanation.

"She came yesterday, and 'twas bad luck I took her in. I gave her the room most reasonable, and this morning she goes and gets run into by a cab."

"A concussion," murmured the doctor, soothingly, "only a slight concussion."

The landlady pointed to the picture of the young man. "I didn't know where she came from nor anything about her, but I seen you was a friend of hers, so I sent for you on agness."

Willy Ben was about to admit his ignorance, but he looked at the pictures of himself and then at the pretty little girl on the bed. Beneath his tailor-made New York clothes his home-made Bologna heart swelled with pride.

"She is a very dear friend of mine," he answered tenderly, "and I intend to have her moved to the hospital at once."

At the hospital, Emily Walton came back to consciousness to find a clean-looking, red-headed young man sitting patiently beside her. For a long time she regarded him in silence, then she spoke, wondering.

"William Benjamin Bibb, the tennis champion, however, did you come here?"

"Never mind," answered Willy Ben, for the doctor had said she must not talk. "I'll tell you tomorrow. We're playing that I'm your big brother."

She was asleep when he left, and, like a big brother, he kissed her—a friendly, respectful kiss—just as it was when he was not; he knew she was the ideal come to life.

Tomorrow came, and for the two a great many tomorrows. She told him all her sorry story, how she had run away from her home to go on the stage, and how, though she could cook and sew and recite Hamlet's soliloquy better than any girl in boarding school, she could not act. Having a stubborn kind of pride which took the place of courage, she had gone on trying and trying, "And when the cab struck me," she told him, "I was glad to think the fight was over."

He in turn told her about his home, his mother, his brothers and sisters, how he used to steal away from school to visit the swimming pool, how a mad dog came through town and he had to kill his faithful hound, how a rattlesnake bit him in the leg one day. He told it all so fervently that little Emily, who was born in a boarding house and brought up in hotels, grew homesick.

When the wound on her forehead was well and the time came for her to leave the hospital the young man made a brilliant suggestion.

"Why go back to that horrid place? Let's go right out and be married."

"And spend the honeymoon in Bologna," she added.

So it was settled, and Willy Ben, who knew that marriages are made in heaven, fell to wondering, "To think," he cried rapturously, "that you fell in love with my picture before you ever saw me!"

But the little Emily was truthful and practical. "I didn't," she answered, leaning fondly against him. "I cut your picture out of the paper because you looked like a man I used to be in love with out west."

College Fraternity Privileges.

Over the door posts of a fraternity clubhouse in the middle west, says a writer in the Century, is the inscription, "Thou shalt not loaf;" and the quote of the sentiment commends it as especially applicable to those college men who look upon fraternity privileges as inviting them to "inconsequent and foolish play, the distinctions of social events, and the autocracy of athletics." He says, however, that there is a plain tendency among the members of the fraternities to face the dangers as well as to enjoy the advantages of such societies.

The Limit.

Mike—This Yellow Snakes is a real pessimist, isn't he?
Jinks—I should say so. Why, he even exaggerates the mean things he knows about himself.

RIDING THE SEVILLE BELLS

Primitive and Daring Way in Which Those of the Giralda Are Rung.

In ordinary circumstances bell ringing is a peaceful occupation to which white-haired, venerable men seem ideally suited. But the men who ring the bells in the famous Giralda of Seville must be young men of unusual agility and steadiness of nerve.

When the city is to make merry on feast days the ringers climb to the belfry, and then, by the aid of a rope and steps cut in the wall of the tower, each mounts to the bell he is to ring and stands astride its brazen shoulders. Then he presses the bell with his feet, holding on to the cross-piece to which it is swung.

Gradually the great bell swings to the movement of the man astride it until it acquires a momentum which swings the hammer, first gently, and then with increasing force, as the sweep of the bell widens, until the air is trembling from the blows that strike the massive sides.

The riders bend and rise and fall with the action of the bells, now appearing to the observer from below to be in a horizontal position as the bell reaches the limits of its swing, and again riding gracefully to an upright position as the monster swings backward with another thundering note.

The most extraordinary part of the daring performance is the sight of the bell-ringer calmly swaying the bell while it hangs far out of the belfry over the city, for the outward swing sends the counterpoise with the ringer into space beyond the arch.—Youth's Companion.

SIMPLE WEDDING IN FAVOR

Quieter Ceremonies and Gatherings Are Much More Common Than Has Been the Mode.

The quiet wedding seems to be far more usual now. No longer is it considered an alarming symptom of eccentricity to be married without bridesmaids, best man, a church full of spectators, red carpet, cabs, buttonholed cabmen flourishing be-ribboned whips, old jokes in the vestry, weakened with tears, rice, volley of flowers, old boots and shoes and slippers, a parade of presents, breakfast, frock coat, orange blossom, satin, and so on.

Man has always quailed before such a catalogue, but woman appears to have rebelled in it, but the general fashion for simplicity involves the simple wedding. The carpet is following the seven-course dinner and bridesmaids are joining the other ghosts of the past.

There are still, of course, many elaborate weddings, but they are not by any means so usual as they used to be—particularly among the middle classes. Even at the most "fashionable" churches the number of quiet weddings increases steadily. The typical wedding of the day is a little gathering of relatives.

GREAT SOUTHERN PROJECTS.

Projects to harness the streams of the south exceed in magnitude any similar enterprises in the world. New companies have been formed, with capital aggregating \$225,000,000 whose plans look to the ultimate development of over 1,500,000 horsepower. Financial interests in London, New York and Pittsburg control most of the sites for the development of water power. With southern streams turning the wheels of mills, running trains, and lighting cities, the south may in time wrest the industrial supremacy of the country from the east.

THE ORIENTAL DANCER.

Charles Frohman, at a dinner at the Metropolitan club in New York, condemned a certain outrageously immodest Oriental dancer. "She must have a nasty mind," Mr. Frohman said, "to dance like that." "Oh, don't be too hard on her," said a playwright. "She may not understand, you know. Consider how young she is." "I deny," said Mr. Frohman, "that she's as young as you imply; but I'm bound to admit that, even though not young, she's certainly a stripling."

UNLUCKY NUMBER.

The Visitor—Why are you here, my misguided friend?
The Prisoner—I'm the victim of the unlucky number 13.
The Visitor—Indeed; how's that?
The Prisoner—Twelve jurors and one judge. Sporting Times.

BLOCK GAS MANTLES
MO. BRILLIANT AND IRON. 10¢ 15¢ 25¢
FOR GAS, GASOLINE AND KEROSENE
END YOUR MANTLE TROUBLES
If you light with Gas, Gasoline or Kerosene you will eventually use Block Mantles. Buy Mantles by name. Go to your dealer and say firmly, "I want Block Mantles." Dealers write for catalog to THE BLOCK LIGHT CO. YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
THE INNERLIT AND VITALITY MANTLES

V. L. GATES. E. W. BRACKROGG
GATES & BRACKROGG,
(Successors to E. J. Williams)
108 South Main Street. Opera House Building
BAR and RESTAURANT
AND LUNCH ROOM.

Our place has been remodeled and we guarantee the best of service. We especially have some fine Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes. Prompt delivery to any part of the city.

GATES & BRACKROGG
Cumb. Phone 315. Home Phone 1157.

WATCH THIS SPACE!

HOPKINSVILLE HOME TELEPHONE CO.
INCORPORATED.

TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE
THREE THINGS YOU WILL FEEL...

First—**"Kentuckian"**
A little, new newspaper with the interest of the entire community at heart. Issued every day, it is handled without fear or favor. You will find in this paper an up-to-date department for each member of the family. Clean, honest, straightforward—it is a paper your family should not be without.

Second—**Technical World Magazine**
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HIS ESCAPE FROM PRISON

Prince Krapotkin's Release in Russia Was Ingeniously Concealed and Carried Out.

In originality of conception and ingenuity of execution, the escape of Prince Krapotkin from the prison of the Nikolaievsk Military hospital in St. Petersburg in 1876 probably is unparalleled in prison annals. Twelve conspirators outside the prison took part in it, but not one of them was ever arrested or suspected, although many of them were subsequently banished to Siberia for other political offenses.

The escape was made in broad daylight, about five o'clock in the afternoon, in the presence of three armed soldiers, and with such novel accessories as cherries, opera hats, a louse, music, a black mare and a microscope. The chances were at least ten to one that it would fail, notwithstanding the extraordinary ingenuity with which it was planned, but every device and stratagem worked perfectly, and the liberated prisoner dined that night in Donon's restaurant, the most fashionable in St. Petersburg, while the entire police of the capital were ransacking the city in search of him.

Nobody even imagined that he would be shrewd and bold enough to take his dinner in so public a place, and not a single detective looked for him there, although search was made in scores of other places, and every exit from the city was so carefully guarded that a mouse could hardly have crept through unobserved.—George Kennan, in Century Magazine.

BRAVADO



Sambo—So Mistuh Erastus Jones is gwine to git married, eh?

Powell—Yes, somebody done tol' him dat marriage was a lottery, an' he's such a spolt dat he's bound to take a chance.

DEFINITION OF A BLIZZARD.

Every scholar was wearing his best clothes, and every face was beaming brightly. And the teacher's eyes watched grimly lest one small slip should spoil the record of her class, for it was the annual inspection, and the fierce looking man who called himself inspector was putting the pupils through their paces. "Now, boys," he called, "I want you to tell me what is a blizzard." Silence reigned. "What is a blizzard?" demanded the ferocious one. And still silence reigned. The teacher glanced at the top boy, then nodded to encourage him, and at last there came a look of pleading in her eyes. Almost she wept. Slowly the top boy's hand went up. "Yes?" snapped the inspector. "Go on. Tell me what is a blizzard?" "Please, sir," stammered the youthful encyclopedia, "it's the inside of a hen!"

THE TASK AT HAND.

The late Clara Barton, head of the American Red Cross, was a Christian in perhaps the best sense—the practical and unselfish sense. Miss Barton, in an interview in New York about the tenement-house laws, once said to a reporter: "I'd neglect church, I'd neglect religion, to get our vile and unwholesome slums all swept away." She paused, then added: "We ought not to consider the mansions awaiting us on the other side of Jordan, you know, while there's an unsolved housing problem so near home."

HE CAN'T SAY IT.

Biggs—I see that a lot of convicts in a state penitentiary have struck because they don't like the food.

Diggs—Yes, and it's awfully hard on the warden.

"What is?"

"Why, the fact that he can't say to the kicker: 'If you don't like the food, get out!'"

Hopkinsville Market
Quotations.

Corrected July, 1 1912.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean 14c per pound.
Country bacon, 15c per pound.
Black-eyed peas, \$4.50 per bushel.
Country shoulders, 15c per pound.
Country hams, 20c per pound.
Irish potatoes, \$2.00 per bushel.
Northern eating Rural potatoes \$2.00 per bushel.
Texas eating onions, \$2.00 per bushel.
Red eating onions, \$2.00 per bushel.
Dried Navy beans, \$3.60 per bushel.
Cabbage, 3 cents a pound.
Dried Lima beans, 10c per pound.
Country dried apples, 15c per pound.
Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound.
Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.
Fresh Eggs, 20c per doz.
Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 25c.

FRUITS.

Lemons, 25c per doz.
Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz.
Bananas, 20c and 25c doz.
New York State apples \$8.00 to \$9.00 per barrel.

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12c per pound.
Dressed cocks, 7c per pound.
Live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks, 3c per pound; live turkeys, 13c per pound.

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb.
"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb.
Mayapple, 3c; pink root, 12c and 13c.
Tallow—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 4c.

Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clean Grease, 21c, medium, tub washed 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tub washed 18c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8c. We quote assorted lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 better demand.

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots, live 5c.

Fresh country eggs, 15 cents per dozen.

Fresh country butter 20c lb.

A good demand exists for spring chickens, and choice lots of fresh country butter.

HAY AND GRAIN.

Choice timothy hay, \$28 00
No. 1 timothy hay, \$28 00
Choice clover hay, \$25 00
No. 1 clover hay, \$25 00
Clean, bright straw hay, \$3.00
Alfalfa hay, \$32 00
White seed oats, 68c
Black seed oats, 68c
Mixed seed oats, 65c
No. 2 white corn, \$1.00.
No. 2 mixed corn, \$1.00.
Winter wheat bran, \$28.00.
Chops, \$5 00

A Cash Offer.

The Kentuckian has made a special clubbing rate with The Memphis Weekly Commercial Appeal by which we will furnish both papers for one year for the very low subscription price of \$2.25. The Commercial Appeal is one of the largest and best papers in the South, and we hope to receive many new subscriptions on this offer; \$2.25 cash for both papers.

Calendars.

The finest line of samples ever seen in Hopkinsville, from the Collins Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia, can be seen at the Kentuckian office. Come in and see them. We can please you, no matter what style you want, for 1913.

Let US PRINT
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CHART OF ILLIMITABLE VOID

Remarkable Five-Acre Sectional Map of the Sky at Harvard University.

This seems to be an age of great things. To talk of billions no longer occasions a shiver of incredulous admiration. One of the wonders at Harvard university today is a five-acre sectional map of just plain sky and constellations. At the expense of more than a million dollars Harvard university has provided the chart which distinctly shows 1,500,000 stars, this having been prepared in sections by the Harvard university astronomers. The sections of the map, placed together, would cover an area of more than five acres, which is a pretty extensive plan of charting the "illimitable void."

In a scholarly annual report the director of the observatory calls attention to the fact that during the past year 3,796 photographs of stars were made by the observatory. For more than 66 years the Harvard observatory has kept complete records of astronomical developments. By reason of thirty years' work and an expenditure of a million dollars, this observatory is placed ahead of all other similar institutions.

In the study of the stars at the Harvard observatory there is something more than mere love of knowledge or tender sentiment. Even the slow-paced walk of lovers under the arching Cambridge elms has no more of witchery and romance about it than the wonders of scientific research stored away in the college observatory, which with its various stations has already become the shrine of modern astronomers.—"Affairs and Folks," Joe Mitchell Chapple, in Joe Chapple's News-Letter.

DYING BEQUEST OF SOLDIER

Fearful Brother Might Have Foolish Sentiment About Making Use of Gift.

During the latter part of the Civil war Basil Gildersleeve lay one day apparently at the point of death, surrounded by several members of his family. "Brother," he murmured faintly, "I have, at most, only a few days to live, and when I am laid to rest I want you to have my new pair of boots in the closet yonder. I paid \$150, Confederate, for them, and you are sorely in need of a pair." Instead of the expected burst of gratitude there was no answer. Racked with emotion at the thought of his great loss, the brother was evidently too much overcome for speech. "Brother," persisted the future "Immortal" weakly, "you mustn't have any foolish sentiment about those boots. I will never be well enough to wear them again, and it would be pure extravagance to bury me in them." Still the brother, his face flushed, his heart too full for utterance, made no reply. "Won't you promise me to wear the boots after I am gone?" Gildersleeve pleaded. "Basil," stammered the other crimsoning with confusion, "I've got 'em on now."—Argonaut.

Tale of the Sea.

Seafaring people can generally quote plenty of instances to show how ill luck dogs a captain once it has claimed him. I know of many such (writes "H. W."), but the most curious case is connected with a small island or large rock in the Mediterranean. There is, or was, according to report, a man living on it. He had a goat which fed on the very limited verdure of the place, and from itsams he made himself a hut. The crews of passing ships would point out the smoke from his fire, though I confess I never could discern it myself. The story is that he was a ship's captain who was twice wrecked on this lonely place and rescued by passing vessels. One night he found his vessel piled up for the third time. His disgust was not lessened to find it was the same rock. His crew were rescued as before, but the captain refused to leave. He said it was no use. Fate would only send him back again, so he would stay where he was! I have sailed the Mediterranean in many different ships, but the story has always been told without variation.—Manchester Guardian.

Staying Power of Irish Butter.

Irish butter, which is engaging the attention of the house of lords, has staying powers. In 1906 some men cutting turf near Killucan found a tub containing about two hundredweight of butter buried deep in a bog. From the style in which the tub was made it was surmised that the butter was over 100 years old. Yet, owing to the use of some preservative, it was not absolutely unstable, though somewhat rancid. Similar deposits have been found in other parts of Ireland, some wrapped in cloth which on exposure to the air crumbled to dust. It is supposed that the preservative powers of peat soil were known to the Irish in very early days, and that during the summer they hurried butter for use in the winter.—London Chronicle.

In the Prohibition State.

"Got any gasoline, mister?" asked Dubbligh, drawing up alongside of a Maine garage.

"Wal no, I bain't got no gasoline as gasoline," said the man in charge, "but as constable o' this here town I made a raid on St. Wiggins' grocery last night, and I got some bottled stuff as 'I'll carry ye just as far as ye've a mind to give it a trial. Fur as the smell goes, it's about the same thing, I reckon."—Harper's Weekly.



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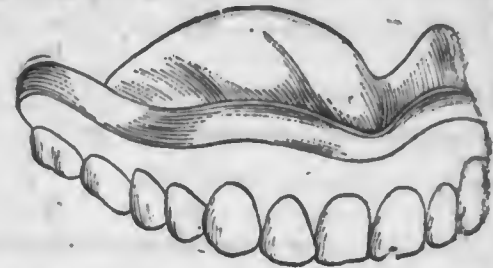
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Trouble!

The public is a little leary of the 13th, another is here to-day and the DRINKING CUP NUISANCE WITH IT.

FINE OF \$1.00 TO \$10.00

Is imposed DAILY on all PUBLIC PLACES that do not comply with the law and POST in conspicuous place CARD GIVING SAID LAW.

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CLARKSVILLE GAME TO-DAY

Leaders And Moguls Will Lock Horns In Two Games Saturday And Monday.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Clarksville.....	24	17	585
Henderson.....	22	18	550
Evansville.....	20	20	500
Hopkinsville.....	20	20	500
Cairo.....	19	23	452
Paducah.....	16	24	400

With Henderson out of the way, one game short on the series, Clarksville comes to-day for one game, and will play a Sunday game probably at Paducah and return here Monday for another. Then will come a rest for several days.

Wednesday's Games.

Paducah-Evansville (Rain.)	
Hopkinsville.....	3
Henderson.....	3
Cairo.....	9
Clarksville.....	3

Thursday's Games.

Hopkinsville, Ky., July 11.—Inability to hit opportunely and general listless playing made Henderson an easy victim to Hopkinsville. Until the eighth inning Johnson allowed Henderson only two hits.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
Hopkinsville.....	7	11	2
Henderson.....	1	5	4

Batteries: Johnson and Dayton; Ostendorf and Peck.

FARMERS TO MEET TODAY

For the Organization of An Association of Commerce.

Invitations have been sent out to many of the prominent farmers of the county asking them to meet to-day in the office of the Hopkinsville Business Men's Association, now located over Phelps' pool room, Main street, next to Bank of Hopkinsville, for the purpose of organizing what is to be known as the Farmers' Association of Commerce.

The main object of this organization, which is to be a branch of the Hopkinsville Business Men's Association, will be to advance the agricultural interest in Christian county. The directors of the Hopkinsville Business Men's Association decided that they would appoint a committee, composed of three of our members, to co-operate or join force with the committee of this department, and to go before the Fiscal court for an appropriation for the expense of an Agriculturist in this county.

This will afford the farmers an opportunity to secure assistance from the business men of Hopkinsville in bringing an expert into the county, that will be of great value to each of them individually. This will be absolutely free of cost to the farmers, if they so desire; the only thing asked is that they will attend the meetings provided for them by the Hopkinsville Business Men's Association; also to encourage their neighbors to become members of this department, which is absolutely free, and an organization that will materially help them all.

AT CAIRO.

The locals showed a complete reversal of form from yesterday and Clarksville took a slow game by the score of 7 to 0.

Score:	R.	H.	E.
Clarksville.....	7	9	1
Cairo.....	0	5	6

Batteries: Hart, Humphreys and Basham; Hassel, Rajohn and Taylor.

AT EVANSVILLE.

Evansville lost a double-header to Paducah today. The first victory was due to the heavy hitting of the victors. The second game was lost by dumb base-running by Evansville.

Score:—First game	R.	H.	E.
Evansville.....	7	7	4
Paducah.....	8	12	2

Batteries: Gossage and Barton; Kuykendall and Osman.

Score—Second game:	R.	H.	E.
Evansville.....	1	11	2
Paducah.....	2	6	0

Batteries: Gwin and Faulkinberry; Marbette and Osman.

Don't buy a range from a peddler when you can get a far better one at home for \$10.00 less money.

Our Fertilizer Brands THIS YEAR

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Horse Shoe

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This year and there is none superior to it. I will appreciate your order and it will pay you to see me before buying.

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Admission 25c Adults, 15c Children

Grand Stand 10c Extra for Gentlemen.